



THE PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE.

DANCE WHERE AND WHEN YOU LIKE. CHOOSE YOUR OWN TIME AND TUNE. NO COUNTRY HOUSE SHOULD BE WITHOUT IT.

UNCOMMON PETS.

THE recent publication of Mr. RICHARD BELL's interesting volume, *My Strange Pets*, has revealed the existence of numerous private menageries in England and Scotland. Further researches have brought to light the interesting fact that many of our leading men find solace from the strain of their professional duties in the companionship of animals not generally chosen as pets.

Greeba Castle, the palatial residence of Mr. HALL CAINE in the Isle of Man, is famed far and wide for its magnificent aviary, the special feature in which is a gigantic bittern, whose perpetual boom vies with the thunder of the caves of Bradda. This bird, which though tailless, is of an extremely affectionate character, frequently accompanies its master when he is taking horseback exercise, and, perching lightly on his left shoulder, presents so formidable an appearance that it keeps the most inquisitive Baconians at bay.

Sir OLIVER LODGE is also partial to birds, and keeps a small ostrich farm at Birmingham for the digestion of the materials required in his Psychical researches. He has also succeeded in

training a secretary bird to use the typewriter, and is in the habit of dictating to his feathered amanuensis most of the lighter articles which he contributes to the society journals.

Sir HUBERT PARRY, the gifted Director of the Royal College of Music, as becomes an ardent yachtsman, exhibits a marked preference for denizens of the vasty deep. In a large tank adjoining the concert room in Prince Consort Road he keeps two whales, which he captured in a cruise to Iceland in the summer of 1903. They are both "right" whales, but one of them, curious to relate, is left-handed, or perhaps one had better say, left-finned; and by an ingenious mechanical attachment, invented by Mr. FRANK T. BULLEN, every time they blow they sound a Pair of Sirens, which are found to exert a most stimulating effect on the students. Further experiments are now in progress with a view to teaching the whales to blow the organ, in place of the electrical apparatus at present employed.

Sir CHARLES STANFORD, whose command of the orchestra is only equalled by his mastery of the dryfly, keeps a sumptuous aquarium in his back garden at Kensington, where on the occasion of

our representative's visit he was playing on a mouth-organ an arrangement of "The Entrance of the Gods into Wal-hall" to an attentive bevy of rainbow trout. "The curious thing about rainbow trout," remarked Sir CHARLES, "is that, probably owing to their iridescent character, they evince a marked preference for *coloratur* singing. Scale passages, again, appeal to them with peculiar force. I feed my trout frequently from my hand," he continued, after a brief musical interlude. "But the last time I offered that big fellow a chocolate cream, he took in the whole of my thumb instead. He soon discovered his mistake, however, and was greatly distressed, rubbed his head against my hand, and seemed to fear some sort of punishment. Since that time I have had great difficulty in persuading him to eat unless I sing to him in the Mixo-Lydan mode or take him to my study, where he will lie in a finger-glass for hours together, with his head in my hand."

Lord CURZON is another devoted lover of animals. The latest acquisition to his private menagerie is a splendid Thibetan porcupine which goes by the name of "The Brodder," and needs very careful handling.

THE OLD SONGS.

A PARENTAL REBUKE.

[A contemporary has been publishing reminiscences of the comic songs that used to delight an earlier generation, and has issued a warning to our youth not to judge the taste of its parents too severely.]

AND so you find them somewhat thin,
The songs that made your sire to grin
When mid-Victorian modes were in?

You snort at that historic wit
Which once provoked in stall and pit
The frequent apoplectic fit?

The hoar and hallowed tag that got
Home on the intercostal spot
Now seems the most amazing rot?

Yet were it rash, my boy, for you
To entertain the impious view
(Held, as I hear, by one or two),

That, Humour having changed its style
From what inspired your parent's smile,
His taste was relatively vile.

'Tis true that Time has dulled the fame
(Almost, I fear, beyond reclaim)
Of "*Champagne Charlie is my name*;"

'Tis true that rolling years obscure
The subtle charm, the fine allure
That underlay "*The Perfect Cure*."*

But, *en revanche*, the vogue of rhymes
Which you have heard a hundred times
Emitted by your favourite mimes—

The last comedian's lyric verse
On which you waste your nightly purse—
Affects me like a funeral hearse;

Or would, at least, affect me so
If I could be induced to go
To this depressing kind of Show.

Therefore, my son, if you are wise,
You will observe without surprise
The wayward shifts of Humour's guise;

Nor deem another's taste is cheap
If where you laugh he wants to weep,
Or giggles while you go to sleep.

You, too, in turn, may have a son,
And marvel how he finds his fun
In wheezes where you notice none.

For here, on this terrestrial ball,
Nations and markets rise and fall,
But Humour wobbles most of all.

No man may say, with hand on breast,
Challenging Time to be its test,
"Lo! I have wrought a Cosmic Jest."

And he alone of other folk
Can still be stable as an oak,
Who never made, or saw, a joke.

O. S.

* The following extract illustrates the tenor of what has been described as "a colossal success of another generation":—

"With my hi gee-wo,
There I do go,
For I'm the perfect cure."

NATURE STUDIES.

THE BUTLER.

IN sketching, as I did last week, the idiosyncrasies of the Boy, I mentioned incidentally the Butler who sometimes dusts his jacket. Let me now describe in such detail as the importance of the subject demands the essentials of the Butler's character.

I have lived under the temporary sway of many Butlers—principally, be it noted, the Butlers of other people—and I have observed that no specimen can ever be classed in the first rank unless he possesses to some extent that staid and solid demeanour which seems to permeate the frivolous atmosphere of our daily life with an old-world dignity and a convinced sense of personal worthiness. Yet it is not necessary that a Butler should always be solemn and impressive. Indeed, if he is, the effect on those to whom he ministers is apt to be too ponderous for perfect happiness: he becomes a creature too bright and good for human nature's daily food and its service to those who sit at table.

It has been my good fortune, not once or twice in my rough island story, to visit the learned Lodges of those who are heads of Colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, and my judgment is that so far as mere weight of deportment and a deep sobriety of conversation go, the Butler of a Master or President is more highly fitted by nature and his acquired training to regulate a College meeting or rusticate an undergraduate than the learned gentleman whom (for his own ends, no doubt) he serves. Never, while this machine is to me, can I forget the chill that froze my heart and the leaden weight that settled on my being when the Butler of the Provost of St. Mary's received me into the panelled hall of the Provost's Lodge. It was not merely that he was dressed in black—other Butlers are like that—or that the curve of his lower waistcoat was both semicircular and ample, or that he moved noiselessly and spoke his few words in a low and carefully articulating voice. All this I could have stood; but there was about him a sense of mystery which daunted my spirit as much as if he had been a haunted house. How came it, I asked myself (after I had recovered from my terror, *bien entendu*), that this man, whose only fit associates were Chancellors or Prime Ministers or Ambassadors, should have condescended to wait upon a mere mortal like the Provost, and to take from me my coat and hat and deliver cutlets to me at lunch? I have not yet found an answer to the question.

The Butler whom I have in my mind is not quite so highly exalted in the hierarchy of servitude as the Collegiate one of whom I have spoken. Yet he, too, has his dignity and, so far as the Boy is concerned, his dislikes. Far back from the remote and misty days of childhood I can pick out the memory of him, can hear him rated by voices that have long since passed into silence for the faults that he joyously displays to this day, and see him moving across the domestic scene with all the cheerful and kindly *abandon* that still characterises him. A new generation, the third, is springing up about his knees, and impeding him in the performance of his duties, but he continues absolutely without change, the same to-day as when I first set eyes on him a thousand years ago. He was never—I quote the dictum of a fellow-servant, a contemporary and a friend—one to mind the fires or to see that the footman or the Boy minded them. He had from the earliest times a weakness for tripping over the somewhat projecting back-legs of his master's chair; and this afternoon he tripped over them with all his ancient agility and recovered himself with the traditional remark (muttered as though to himself) that he cannot make out how ever he came to do it.

In ancient times it was his custom to forget an elaborately



THE NEW JOHN BOULE-VARD.

MADAM LONDON. "YOU SEE I'VE TAKEN A LEAF OUT OF YOUR FASHION-BOOK, MY DEAR."

MADAME PARIS. "YOU FLATTER ME, CHÉRIE. THE BOOK IS ALWAYS AT YOUR SERVICE."

[The Municipal Council of Paris has been invited to attend the ceremony of the opening of Kingsway by His MAJESTY, October 18.]

detailed instruction, and he still has rare intervals of brilliantly accurate memory. In short, what he was years and years ago he still is and always will be,—a Butler with a share of human frailty and more than his due share of those serviceable virtues that make of an old retainer an attached friend. His master, whom he remembers in knickerbockers and trundling a hoop, he treats with such indulgence as may be bestowed on a child who will never grow up to manhood, and who still shows those queer little freaks of temper which it is the part of a good Butler to suffer cheerfully and to forget readily. With his mistress, too, he exercises great forbearance, considering her to be a little chit something younger and even more capricious than his master. The children are all devoted to him. The friends of the household are his friends, and so closely does he identify himself with his family that in their momentary absence he has been known to invite a favoured visitor to stay to dinner. He has just come across the lawn singing, and has tripped over a croquet hoop to the rapturous delight of the youngest of his tormentors.

HOW TO BEAT THE NEW ZEALANDERS.

DEAR SIR,—All this hysterical outcry about new methods and re-organisation of our Rugby football teams is sheer feeble-minded nonsense. Our players are good enough for any country under the sun, New Zealand included. The present trouble is merely caused by that immoral innovation of the wing forward, who, being neither flesh, fowl, nor good red herring, can only be stigmatised as a *tycoon*. The way to meet the difficulty and stop the contagion from spreading in our own country is to produce a referee who will systematically penalise the methods of this tricky gentleman until he is forced to resume his proper place in the pack, being glad, in fact, to hide his head anywhere. If heroic measures of this sort are practised it will be unnecessary to adopt the suggestion that New Zealand tries shall count two, and goals three points.

Yours faithfully,

SPORTSMAN.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Is our National Physique Deteriorating, indeed! Not a bit of it! Look at Durham and the try we scored. It may be said we were beaten, but when you take into consideration the comparatively small number of points scored against us I consider, and many Durham people agree with me, that a moral victory was ours. Everybody knows we started two men short, but it is not, I think, so well known that HORSLEY had left his football boots in the train. Let them wait till HORSLEY gets his boots on—that's all!

Yours truly,

DURHAM LAD.

DEAR SIR,—At a time like the present, when we are on the brink of a tremendous cataclysm in the football world, surely the petty considerations of tradition and convention must be thrust aside. When drastic changes are made in the modelling of our teams, when new styles and unexpected formations are the vogue, when each man plays with the strength of a SANDOW, the speed of a SHRUM, and the wisdom of a DE WITTE, then, and not till then, shall we top the score of our Colonial Cousins. I have watched the games at Torquay, Redruth, Bristol and Stamford Bridge, and I am convinced that to meet the New Zealanders on an equal footing we must arrange our team as follows:—1 back, 5 three-quarter backs, 2 half backs, 2 five-eighths, and 8 forwards. Even thus we shall be two short of the number of our opponents—that is to say, of their *apparent* number. If this suggestion is adopted I venture to predict that, though the Scotchmen are not to be awarded caps in the forthcoming match, it will be necessary to present the New Zealanders with fresh jerseys.

Yours truly,

FAIR PLAY.

MY DEAR SIR,—In consequence of the representations of a great nephew, who was one of the players, I recently attended

a football match at Torquay, and was much shocked at the conduct of our young Colonials. The barbarity of their behaviour was ruthless in the extreme; in fact, each time my dear nephew had the ball, one of the ungentlemanly fellows knocked him down and snatched it away from him, and the same thing occurred to his companions, all young men of good position, not once but many times. Is it sport? Is it even seemly? It would not have been considered so in my young day, or in the young day of my brothers and cousins, who were all excellent cricketers, and it is to be hoped that such an exhibition will never again be witnessed on an English ground. Believe me to remain

Yours very truly, (Miss) MARTHA MYTTENS.

THE GOLFER'S PROTEST.

["MANY worthy golfers, who do not know that they are speaking insincerely, attribute, in conversation, the pleasure they feel in pursuing their game to the agreeable surroundings in which it is pursued; but my secret belief is that they pay more attention to the lie of the little white ball, and the character of the bunkers, than to the pageantry of sea and sky."—"From a College Window," in "Cornhill."]

A NAMELESS writer in the *Cornhill* thinks
That modern golfers, when they're on the links,
Are so besotted by the little ball
As to be deaf and blind to Nature's call.

This proposition, in my humble view,
Is utterly malicious and untrue,
As any honest reader will admit
If he will listen to me for a bit.

Thus, never seems the skylark's note to me
So shrill as when I fozzle off the tee;
Never the duckling tunes a livelier lay
Than when I throw an easy putt away.

Nor do the feathered tribe alone arouse
Emotion in the golfer; sometimes cows
Will stir him strangely, and a casual goat
Has led to language that I dare not quote.

To heedless minds, as WORMSWORTH sang of yore,
A primrose is a primrose, nothing more.
To me a blade of grass, however small,
Becomes a portent if it touch my ball.

Non-golfing persons, when they see a sloe,
Or even several, do not care a blow.
I never see a sloe but I am thrilled
With memories of the gin therefrom distilled.

I love the golden glory of the gorse—
When I am in the middle of the course,
And my opponent drives into the whins,
Loses his ball, and sacrifices his shins.

Golf, too, has taught me clearly to disting-
-uish heath (with bells) from heather, *alias* ling;
The latter, past all question, of the two
Needing more beef to whack the Haskell through.

Golf also teaches me to note the habits
Of various rodents, notably of rabbits,
Whose burrows oftentimes have I explored
Searching in vain for my Lost (rubber)-Cored.

Again, I take an interest deep and keen
In earthworms, when I'm playing through the green;
Likewise the operations of the mole
Electrify at times my pensive soul.

Need more be said? The case is crystal clear;
The golfer's love of Nature is sincere;
The eye that "from a college window" blinks
Has not the penetration of the lynx.



THE TEST OF COURAGE.

She. "YOU MEN ARE SUCH COWARDS."

He. "ANYHOW ONE OF US MARRIED YOU!"

A VOYAGE TO THE VINES.

No. II.

On board the *Hirondelle*. Between the Tower and Gravesend.—I explain to JUDKIN, who does not seem to have taken kindly to the acquaintance just sprung upon us, that the Colonel is a man you won't often meet.

"Glad to hear it," says JUDKIN drily.

"Very amusing," I observe.

"Hope so," says JUDKIN.

"Full of information," I add.

"I have no wish to deprive him of any of it," returns JUDKIN.

"He'll want it more than I shall." Then presently he asks, "What is he a Colonel in?"

Oddly enough, although I've known Colonel BICKERSTIFF all these years—off and on—yet it has never occurred to me to ask in what, or of what, he is a Colonel. It is not in my nature to play the private detective or insidious inquisitor. If any friend of mine introduces any friend of his as a "Colonel," I take the rank for granted, and from that moment, to me, that friend of my friend, so introduced, is a Colonel. A Colonel's a Colonel for a' that, an' a' that. The man is what any man of respectability may be, but a Colonel, whether he bear the guinea stamp of Guards, Line, Cavalry, Infantry, or Auxiliary Forces, is a Colonel for a' that.

Thus I am continuing to explain in detail when JUDKIN asks brusquely, "Militia or Yeomanry?"

There is something in his tone that I don't care about. "What does it matter?" I return, with an assumption of careless indifference I am far from feeling. That a doubt should be thrown by JUDKIN on the genuineness of the professional rank of any friend of mine seems to imply a stigma on that friend as an impostor, and on myself as either idiotically, or knowingly, encouraging an imposture.

"Hang it!" continues JUDKIN, with irritating pertinacity, and after all it is really no business of his, "when a man has a distinctive title indicating a certain rank, he must be either a professional, or an amateur. A Colonel can't be in the Navy, can he?"

"All right, old man," I say cajolingly. "What BILLY BICKERSTIFF's rank in the regulars, militia or yeomanry may be, is a matter of no importance to anyone, except himself."

"It's evidently a good deal to him," puts in JUDKIN.

For some minutes we stand side by side, silently watching a mud barge. I never was so nearly quarrelling with a friend—and at the beginning of a voyage too!

La Hirondelle is a mere infant ship, just out of its cradle, built somewhat on the "P. & O." model. It will not offer many opportunities for getting away from anybody. If two men who have quarrelled are walking the deck at the same time (and it is ten to one they will be doing so) they

are bound to come face to face every other two minutes, and if there's a "bit of a sea on," the meeting would be peculiarly unpleasant.

"Interesting, isn't it?" observes Colonel BILLY, coming up to us as we, JUDKIN and self, in the temporarily assumed character of two nautical pioneers, "stand for'ard" (as JUDKIN expresses it), silently keeping a rather dull look-out.

"Very," says JUDKIN shortly.

"Most interesting," I return emphatically, echoing his own word and throwing into the observation a slight but touching dash of romantic tenderness. I feel that this is required—by way of a little sweetening for the JUDKIN-AND-BILLY mixture.

"Let's see," continues the Colonel, looking round, "we've passed Greenwich, the home of pensioners, and the 'Ship,' the House for Parliamentary whitebait dinners in my time, eh?"

"Not now," says JUDKIN, unyielding.

"Then there's Hampton Court," says the Colonel. "Capital tap there—eh?—and tapestries too."

"My dear Sir," interrupts JUDKIN testily, "Hampton Court is miles away—beyond Richmond."

"Of course it is," continues the Colonel, jovially. "Fact is I was thinking rather of the dinners than the place."

"Ah!" grunts JUDKIN.

"Then there's Purfleet—good dinner at Purfleet," the Colonel says; "that's the place where Queen ELIZABETH—eh?"

"You're thinking of Tilbury," grunts JUDKIN.

The Colonel laughs. "Of course," he says to JUDKIN; "you're right." Then he quotes, "'And in this fort of Tilbury,—eh?—can't beat *Shakspeare*!'"

"That's *Sheridan*," says JUDKIN, frowning.

The Colonel seems to be quite astonished at his own mistake.

"What could I have been thinking of?" he exclaims. "Why, *Sheridan*! Everyone knows that. Now if my wife were here she'd give you chapter and verse and every line of the scene. Wonderful memory she has!"

"Wonderful indeed!" I echo.

"What an escape we've had!" whispers JUDKIN to me, as the Colonel walks to the side to examine a large building through his glasses.

"That," he explains, on returning to us, "is the new Powder Magazine office—"

"My dear Sir," interrupts JUDKIN, "it's a hotel. I've stayed there."

"Couldn't have stayed there if it had been a Powder Magazine, could you, eh?" asks the Colonel, laughing jocosely. "You're right, I'm wrong; the Magazine is on the other side of the river."

The undefeated Colonel points out to us Blackwall for Southend, Gravesend for Rosherville, Clacton-on-Sea he muddles up with Benfleet, loses himself geographically in the Isle of Dogs, and throws in a few other places of interest, accompanying every mention of them with anecdotes of days long past, when Rosherville Gardens, which he confuses with Vauxhall, the Surrey, and Cremorne, were in their glory. He is perpetually placing the right places on the wrong side or at the wrong end of the river, from which position they are invariably, and without any sort of ceremony, removed by JUDKIN, and restored by him to their proper sites. Then, as *La Hirondelle* is taking its farewell of the river, the Colonel is in the process of shifting Erith round the corner into Essex, when JUDKIN, the land-restorer, rushes to the rescue, and returns it safe to the spot it has occupied with credit to its inhabitants for many years.

"I was wrong," admits the undefeated Colonel, addressing JUDKIN. "Of course you're right. I was thinking of Scarborough. Don't know what made me think of Scarborough." Nor does anyone else.

IN MEMORIAM.

Henry Irving.

BORN, 1838.

DIED, OCTOBER 13, 1905.

RING down the curtain, for the play is done.

Let the brief lights die out, and darkness fall.

Yonder to that real life he has his call;

And the loved face beholds the Eternal Sun.

"MÉSALLIANCES."

[*"It is rumoured that an alliance, to be known as the Quadruple Alliance, is projected between Great Britain, France, Japan and Russia."*—*Daily Paper*.]

THIS announcement opens the field to numerous possibilities. The following rumours are already afloat:—

THE GERMAN EMPEROR has announced his intention of forming a world-wide alliance to include all the Powers save the Principality of Monaco. It is thought that moral reasons have dictated the elimination of this State.

THE Isle of Man has entered into an agreement with the Isle of Dogs. Mr. HALL CAINE is leaving shortly to arrange the terms, and it is rumoured that he will be the first Head of the Twin Kingdoms.

IN view of the "splendid isolation" of the Republic of San Martino, it is said that that country will shortly conclude an alliance with the Celestial Empire.

THE Minister of Tierra del Fuego has frequently been seen of late at the Bulgarian Foreign Office, and it is whispered that the SULTAN is preparing for eventualities.

GREAT interest attaches to the recent launching of motor-boats on the Lake of Lucerne. A secret convention with Italy is said to be the reason of this grave step.

THE Queen of MADAGASCAR and the King of SAMOA have lately interchanged numerous visits. Their object is reported to be a coalition against France, Germany, and America.

THE Republics of Venezuela and San Domingo have concluded an agreement on the lines of the Monroe Doctrine. They have conveyed an intimation to the Powers that all foreign interferences with the territory of the United States will be forcibly resisted by them.

"PUSSY."

EXTRACT FROM THE RECESS DIARY OF TOTT, M.P.

London, Monday.—It is hard to believe that more than fifteen years have sped since I last saw Earl GRANVILLE standing at Table in House of Lords purring into the ear of the MARKISS pleasantly spoken things that left behind a bitter taste. Am reminded of fact by appearance of EDMOND FITZMAURICE's *Life* of his old chief, issued by LONGMAN in two fat volumes.

Entering Parliament in the year Queen VICTORIA came to the throne, GRANVILLE for more than fifty years remained at work near the hub of the wheel of public affairs. To write the memoirs of such a man is to annotate the history of a nation. Lord EDMOND has accomplished a stupendous task with skill and discretion. Effacing himself, he allows GRANVILLE to tell his own story in letters, memoranda, and diaries, supplemented by the personal correspondence of his colleagues. In the thousand pages I do not recall a single intrusion of

the first person singular on the part of the biographer. He does not even mention, what should be recalled as adding value to his work, that for three years he was GRANVILLE's colleague at the Foreign Office.

Outsiders reading the biography will have borne in upon them the conviction that they habitually under-estimated its subject. The pet name which, among his wide circle of personal friends, clung to GRANVILLE throughout his long career, is indicative of the error. "PUSSY" suggests a velvet-coated, soft-pawed, benevolent-visaged personage lazily blinking in the sun. This particular "Pussy" could, upon occasion, scratch, as many contemporaries beside the MARKISS discovered. A truer metaphor is supplied by the familiar reference to the steel hand beneath the velvet glove.

GRANVILLE was the sweetest-mannered man that ever sat in a Cabinet. GLADSTONE happily described him as "one holding a position of great impartiality in regard to divergent opinions." He was constitutionally prone to approach a man or a turn of circumstance with disposition to believe that he or it would turn out all right. But the kindliness of his heart was not permitted to paralyse his unerring insight or dull the brightness of his intellect. Courteous beyond the manner of the average Englishman, he could, when necessary, lip a scathing remark whose effect was the greater by contrast with his accustomed suavity.

The curtain lifted from the door of the Cabinet Council, we see GRANVILLE in a light hitherto reserved for his colleagues. Whenever dissension broke forth—and it was equally rife in GLADSTONE's Second and Third Administrations—the disputants straightway sought out GRANVILLE. Both (or all) believed with equal confidence that if matters could be put straight, he was the man to smooth them out. The PRINCE CONSORT whilst he lived, Queen VICTORIA till she died, were in constant private communication with him on Cabinet affairs.

At one time the PRINCE CONSORT showed a disposition to use GRANVILLE as a sort of QUEEN's man in the Cabinet, one who would undertake to keep HER MAJESTY privily informed of what passed in its councils. Under date July 12, 1859, the PRINCE CONSORT, pleading "anxiety of the QUEEN about the deliberations of the Cabinet," tried to pump GRANVILLE. Here, among other examples, was revealed the sterling character of the man, sometimes obscured by the laces and frills of the courtier. For a still young man, the position suggested, HER MAJESTY's confidential representative in the Cabinet, was alluring. GRANVILLE replied with dignity and firmness. "Lord PALMERSTON and Lord JOHN RUSSELL," he wrote, "are



"I'M TAKING MY BOY TO THE ZOO."

"INDEED! I'M SENDING MINE TO ETON."

the Ministers to whom it is natural the QUEEN should look for information respecting discussions in the Cabinet on Foreign Affairs. They would resent such information being afforded through any other channel. They would consider it as a want of confidence on the part of HER MAJESTY and an improper interference on the part of a colleague." This remarkable instance suggests that Royalty, like commoner folk, did not truly estimate the character of "PUSSY."

As disclosing the secret history of successive Liberal Governments Lord EDMOND's massive work supplements MORLEY's *Life of Gladstone* as a priceless contribution to modern history. Correspondence passing between occupants of the Front Opposition Benches

in both Houses proves afresh how history repeats itself. In 1879 the end of DISRAELI's Government was close at hand. But the certainty of Liberal triumph at the poll was marred by personal dissensions among ex-Liberal Ministers. "The varnish is off the Government," GRANVILLE wrote. "But the Opposition is not popular." Twenty-six years later the apophthegm would pointedly and accurately describe the political situation.

For the Liberal Party sorrow comes in with the reflection that the wise counsel, the genial good-humour, the shrewd judgment, the persuasive personality of the Peacemaker is no longer at the service of his colleagues and his Party.



THE MACDUFFER GOES STALKING.—No. 2.

HE SIGHS A STAG, BUT GETS A LITTLE TOO EXCITED WHEN DESCENDING A SLOPE.

PRIVATE VIEW OF "PUBLIC OPINION."

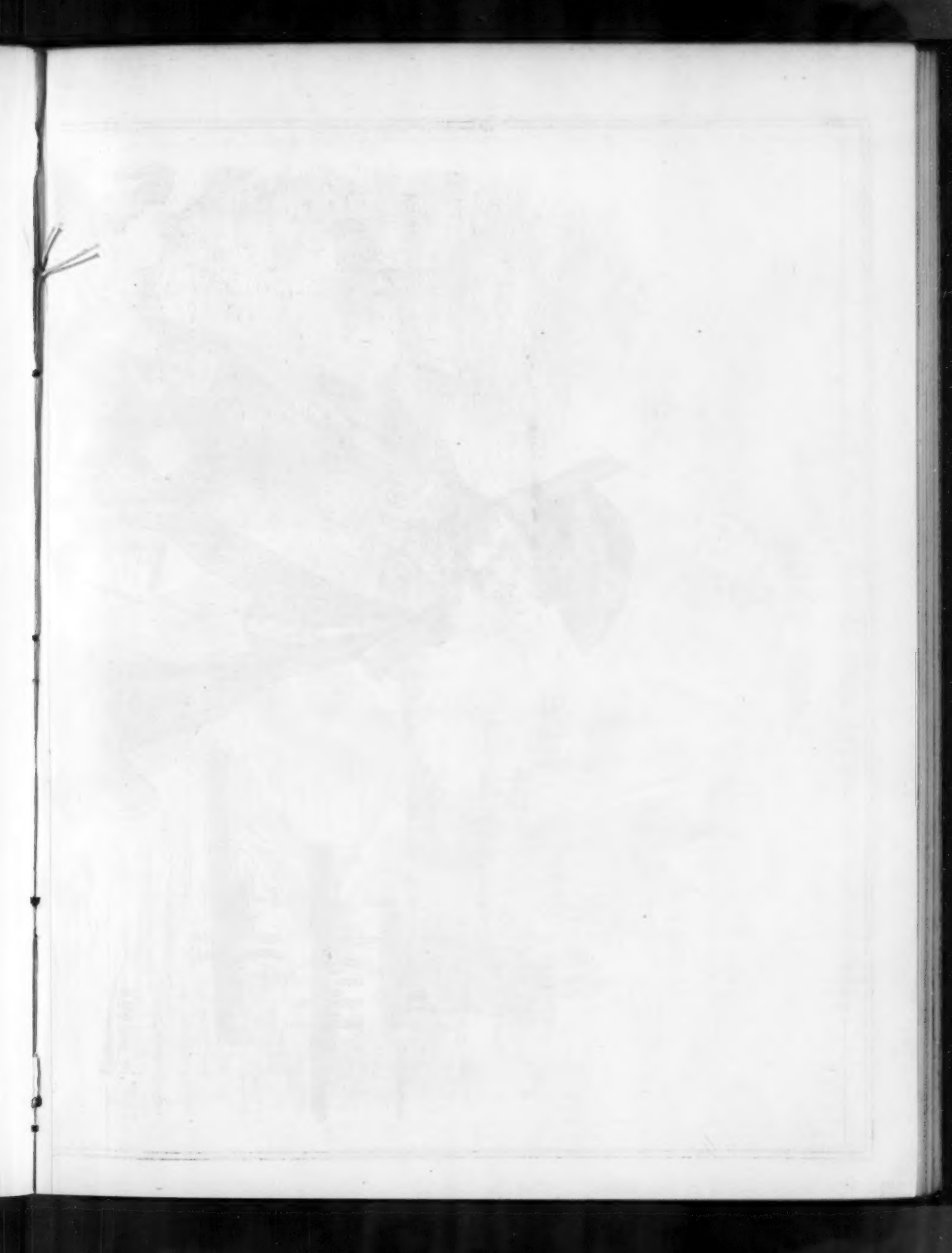
THERE can be no doubt as to the complete success of Mr. R. C. CARTON's *Public Opinion* at Wyndham's Theatre. It is neither "a light comedy" nor a "farfical comedy," but it is "a farce," a genuine farce; quite a *tour de farce*. And it is thoroughly original, owing nothing to any French piece bowdlerised to make a Londoner's evening entertainment. There is not the slightest fault to be found with the farce until the Third Act, when there is just some slight danger, at a critical point, of wasting time on what looks like a repetition and over-elaboration of "business" that has already served its purpose. It may be that ere this criticism appears the excision will have been made. But what a cast! Mr. HENRY KEMBLE has only to appear as the *Hon. Mr. Justice Mulley* to be received with shouts of laughter, which are intensified as the difficulty in which he finds himself is clearly placed before a sympathetic and highly appreciative audience. Mr. KEMBLE is immense, and as his brother, *Sir Babington Mulley, F.R.C.P.*, the eminent fashionable physician, Mr. CHARLES ALLAN is so artistically made up as to bear towards him just that unemphasised facial resemblance which is the very note of what is known as a family likeness. Their high social position compels respect, and they are both faced by the awful probability of a dreadful *exposé*. If the compromising revelation be made, if their indiscreet love-letters come into open court, there is an end to the career of the judge and of the eminent physician. Both parts are excellently played.

Capital is the incisive sketch of character given by Mr. CHARLES CRAWFORD as *Viscount Poffley*, the loose, careless young cub who, when we last see him, has engaged himself to *Pansy Bligh* "of the halls." This fascinating adventuress finds an apt representative in Miss ANNIE HUGHES. She is

sprightly, she is sweetly demure, playfully in earnest, and a very tiger cat when thwarted. It is one of the best things clever Miss ANNIE HUGHES has done. *Pansy* has troubled the life of the Judge, of the Doctor, and of *Lord Percy Kilgour* (neatly rendered by Mr. ATHOL STEWART), whose intended marriage to *Phyllis Dagenham*, prettily and vivaciously impersonated by Miss DAISY ATHERTON, has been placed by the designing music-hall artiste in considerable jeopardy. Then *Pansy Bligh* has another victim in *Horace Wibsey*, the solicitor, in which character Mr. GEORGE GIDDENS is immensely amusing. Mr. FRED KERR, too, as *Spencer Troughton, C.B.*, ex-British Consul at Honduras, is at his very best; in fact this must be said of them all, as from first to last the fun is never allowed to drop for an instant.

Then the plot is so good, so simple, so easily followed; for Miss COMPTON as *Lady Diana Caldershaw* carries it right through from beginning to end. Quietly, unobtrusively, making every line and every action tell, her character is a bit of artistic workmanship, both for herself and for the author, which may well be taken as a model. The serious interest in the farce is with her, and the delighted audience closely watch her every movement, and won't let a word escape them.

The small parts are all good. Neither Mr. HENRY STEPHENSON as the Solicitor's head clerk, nor Mr. HOWARD STURGE as *Fincherp* the junior clerk, could possibly be improved upon. Miss ETHEL BURNAND, as *Charlotte* the music-hall artiste's maid and "dresser," gives a sharply observant bit of low-type character. Mr. DUCK, as *Towers* the much-tried respectable man-servant of the peppery ex-British Consul, is a perfect little sketch, highly amusing, very natural, and not in the least overdone. How good they all are, and what a laugh it is from beginning to end! Congratulations to the FRANK CURZON management, and to Mr. and Mrs. CARTON, who will have "*Public Opinion*" in their favour for some time to come.







Henry Sanderson

1805—1905.

ADMIRAL LORD NELSON. "MY SHIPS HAVE PASSED AWAY, BUT THE SPIRIT OF MY MEN REMAINS."



1861

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MEN AND MOTTOES.

MR. SOFTBOE OUT HUNTING. FAMILY MOTTO—NIL TIMERE.

MORE ABOUT THE "PSYCHIC PARCEL POST."

AFTER the close of the recent Church Congress at Weymouth, as a correspondent of the *Daily Mail* has informed its readers, a "prohibited" lecture on Spiritualism was delivered by a popular Archdeacon to a crowded audience, "which included two Bishops at least and fifteen clergymen." The lecturer, as an illustration of Spiritualism, gave the following highly interesting personal experience: On a particular Friday in June, 1876, he was, it seems, cycling from Southsea to Chichester with several yards of white muslin under his clothes next his skin. Feeling, not unnaturally, "no little discomfort," he, on arriving at Chichester, made "an unwrapped-up small bundle of the attire," and, loosely pinning his card to it, with no other address, made a surprise visit, accompanied by his fiancée, to "a young lady medium of his own developing." Close on midnight, "after supper, and two hours of music, he placed the bundle on the little medium's lap and saw it fade away and melt like vapour." He had willed it to go to London, to a friend who did not live there, and whose address he did not know. At Southsea next morning he had a telegram and letter from his friend to the effect that, having been to the opera and missed his last train to his home out of London, he had gone to a hotel, where the bundle had "fallen upon his face just as he had gotten into bed." It was afterwards found that the muslin "and card so insecurely pinned to it" had done the seventy miles from Chichester in something under five minutes!

Mr. Punch frankly admits that, had this anecdote reached him on the authority of any lesser ecclesiastical dignitary

than an Archdeacon, he might have regarded it with some misgivings, at least until it was confirmed by documentary or other evidence.

However, he has received so many communications on the subject from writers whose good faith he has no reason to distrust, that he is now convinced that such occurrences are by no means so singular, or even unusual, as, in his ignorance of psychic matters, he had previously imagined.

He regrets that he can only find space for a very few of the letters with which he has been favoured:

No. I.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I observe that a well-known Archdeacon has lately described, in the course of a lecture on Spiritualism, how he once, in 1876, despatched a bundle of white muslin from Chichester to London by Psychic Parcel Post. May I, without egotism, relate a somewhat similar, though I venture to think, even more remarkable experience of my own? On Thursday last, the 12th of October, I had to go down to Birmingham on business. On taking up my newspaper and noticing the date, I suddenly remembered that it was the wedding-day of two very dear and intimate friends, to whom I had forgotten to send the customary offering. After arriving at Birmingham and having luncheon at a hotel there, I went to the nearest silversmith's and selected a suitable gift in the form of a copper stand with spirit lamps for keeping breakfast dishes warm. To this I affixed my card with best wishes. After wrapping it up in brown paper, the assistant asked me to what address I wished it forwarded. I smiled and told the man that I had means of my own for ensuring its delivery.

I shall never forget his dismay when the parcel, which was rather a bulky one, slowly shrivelled into nothing on the glass counter between us.

It was then (as far as I could judge) about two minutes to three; I had willed the thing to my friends, and dismissed the matter from my mind till the next morning, when on opening my paper, what should I see but the following, which I will quote *verbatim*:—

"SENSATIONAL OCCURRENCE AT A SMART WEDDING.

"TITLED BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LAID LOW BY MYSTERIOUS MISSILE.

"The marriage of Lord 'ALBY' COCKSHOTT with the Hon. COCA KNUIT, to witness which a large and aristocratic crowd had assembled in Saint George's, Hanover Square, yesterday afternoon, was interrupted in an unexpected and, at the time of our going to Press, entirely inexplicable manner. Shortly before three o'clock, just as the happy pair were about to exchange their vows, some heavy object, which is believed to have emanated from the free seats in the gallery below the organ-loft, caught them both on the backs of their heads with so much force as to prostrate them at the feet of the Bishop of Knocktopher (Ireland), who was conducting the ceremony. After their injuries had been attended to by a distinguished surgeon, who, by great good luck, happened to be among the invited guests, the unfortunate couple were removed to their respective residences, being too much upset to proceed any further with the service that day, though it is hoped they may be sufficiently recovered to do so by this afternoon. We understand that the missile, on being examined, was found to consist of metal of some kind, but, beyond the fact that it is stamped with the name of a Birmingham firm, there is no further clue to the author of the outrage."

Thus, Sir, I realised that my little token had reached its destination in excellent time, though evidently the card I attached to it had, less fortunate than the Archdeacon's, somehow failed to re-materialise during transit—which, seeing that it was accomplished (so far as I can calculate) in less than ninety seconds, and Birmingham being forty-three miles further than Chichester from London, the increased rate of speed will sufficiently account for. I need hardly say that I wrote at once to let my friends know that I was the person to whom they were indebted, but (and this is, to my mind, the only *really* extraordinary circumstance in the case) I have not hitherto had any letter of thanks, or even acknowledgment!

I am, Sir, Your obedient servant,

ALFRED DAVITT.

No. II.

Sir,—I feel it my bounden duty to testify that it is perfectly feasible to transmit any object by psychic current by a simple effort of the will, as is proved by the following instance:—

On a certain night last July, while walking home from an evening party at North Kensington, I happened to pass a street in which there was a house on fire, and stopped to enjoy what was not only a grand, but a gratuitous, spectacle. I was wearing a valuable gold repeater, engraved (inside the case) with my name and address, and, observing that the crowd in which I found myself was of a somewhat disorderly character, I wished with all my will-power that I had not got the watch upon my person. A moment after, on feeling in my pocket, I satisfied myself that the watch was no longer there. I went home in the firm expectation of seeing it lying on my dressing-table, but found that for some reason it had not arrived. However, strange to say, the very next morning a person, quite unknown to me previously, called with the intelligence that my watch had been found inside the pocket of another gentleman, also a complete stranger!

The latter's story—in which, let me say, I have implicit credence—was that, on putting his hand in his pocket, he had been astounded to discover my watch, which he was actually on his way to restore to me when he was apprehended. I am glad to say that my evidence prevented a miscarriage of justice, as the magistrate took the view that, seeing that I did not press the charge, and had admitted that I might uncon-

sciously have myself placed the watch in the prisoner's pocket, he was entitled to a discharge. Whether I failed to concentrate my will-power sufficiently to transport the watch at once to the desired destination, or whether some irregularity in the psychic current caused it to go astray, is not for me to decide. But that it *did* turn up eventually will only surprise those who are still ignorant of the great Force which, if we but knew it, is at the service of all alike.

I remain, yours faithfully,
CYNON PUREFOY.

No. III.

HONOURED SIR,—As a high-class purveyor of meat and firm believer in Spiritualism for many years, should be glad to embrace this opp' to inform you that what that Archdeacon said at Weymouth touching the Physic Parcels Post was nothing particular *out of the way*. Sir, take my own case. Generally speaking, I have executed all orders by ordinary trade vehicles, such as a cart and tricycle. Lately, however, I have took into my employment a young person as book-keeper who has turned out to be an advanced medium, which has enabled me to supply customers direct with all but prime joints per Physic Parcels Post, and give satisfaction. I will not say that the sistym is always reliable. There have been complaints, as when two kidneys and a lb. of beef suet ordered by a most particular customer by some regrettable oversight materialised inside of the grand pianno, not being detected till days afterwards and occasioning some unpleasantness. Also it have been asserted that meat has been known to lose weight during psychic delivery, which (after all) is only what you might expect under such circumstances. Anyhow the plan works so well that I am already thinking of disposing of my horse and cart, if not the tricycle. I enclose price-list, and hoping for the esteemed favour of your patronage, remain

Yours respectfully,

ELIJAH WALKER.

Mr. Punch feels that, in the face of such testimony, of which the above is only a sample, the most hardened sceptic must be reduced to a reverential silence.

F. A.

MASCULINE AND FEMININE.

[According to a contemporary, the mannish element is to be introduced into feminine fashions once more, and the modern girl will not merely wear masculine dress but will also expect presents such as have hitherto been considered suitable only for men.]

KITTY's birthday's to-morrow; say, what shall I get her?

A diamond heart, or a locket of pearls?

Or think you a necklace or belt would be better?

Or tortoiseshell combs for her dear little curls?

A brooch for her throat, or a ring for her finger?

A boa or a tippet? New kerchiefs or hose?

A desk, where the scents of the Orient linger?

At trifles like these she would turn up her nose.

For KITTY this winter would have you believe her

The like of her possible master and lord.

A cabby or coachman would covet her beaver,

Her collars and shirt-fronts are stiff as a board.

Her dresses are cut by a tailor of fashion,

Her jackets are homespun, her coats are of frieze,

For knick-knacks men love she's developed a passion

That almost amounts to a kind of disease.

Away then to Bond Street, for clear is my mission.

I'll buy her a cane, or a glass for her eye,

Some links, of the kind that are known as "perdition,"

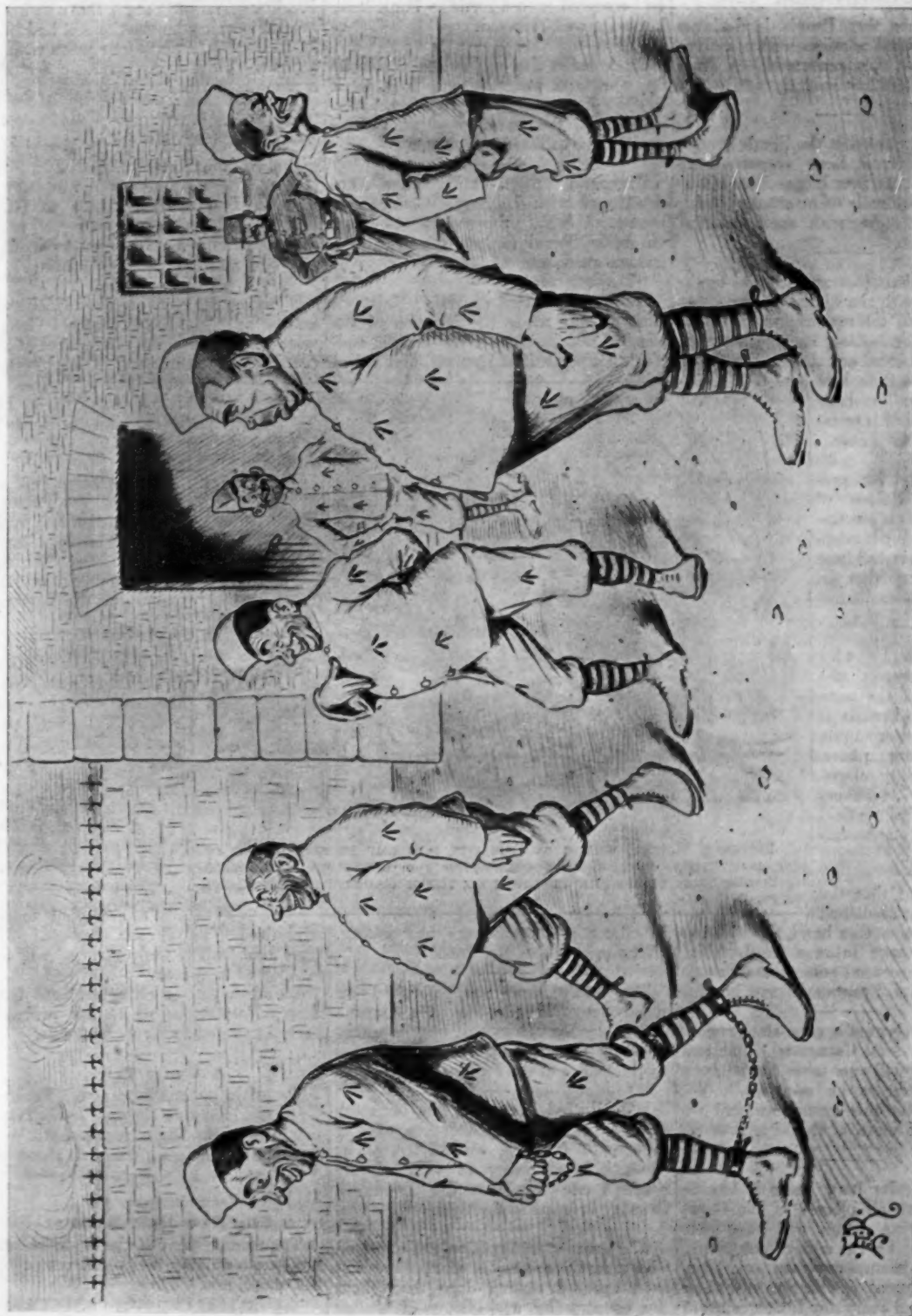
A hundred cigars, or a masculine tie.

For KITTY's a man, and you must not forget it,

But sometimes I wish, though I dare not complain,

That Fashion, most captious of tyrants, would let it

Be *chic* for our girls to be women again.



"THE INTERNATIONAL PRISONS CONGRESS."

THE ABOVE GENTLEMEN WOULD HAVE BEEN ONLY TOO PLEASED TO GO TO THE CONGRESS AS DELEGATES OF GREAT BRITAIN BUT FOR A PREVIOUS ENGAGEMENT ENTERED INTO SOME TIME AGO FROM WHICH THEY SEE NO IMMEDIATE LIKELIHOOD OF RELEASE. IT SEEMS A PITY, TOO, FOR THEY COULD HAVE BROKEN WITH CONVICTION AND ALMOST LIFE-LONG EXPERIENCE OF SUCH QUESTIONS AS PRISON FARE, MECHANICAL CONTRIVANCES FOR REGULAR HEALTHY EXERCISE, ETC.

CHARIVARIA.

THE rumour that Russia is desirous that her strained relations with ourselves shall cease, is now confirmed. A Russian ice-breaker has recently arrived in the Tyne.

We understand that the South American Governments have consented to participate in the new Hague Peace Conference conditionally on no attempt being made to interfere with their internal Revolutions.

The Servian Government is again negotiating with the British Government with a view to the resumption of diplomatic relations. King PETER, we understand, has pointed out that he is happy to be able to state that no Sovereign has been assassinated in his country for some time now.

The KHEDEVE has presented the Sultan of TURKEY with an electric motor-car. We understand that his Sublime Majesty chose this in preference to a motor-bicycle.

Apparently the struggle between the motorists and the anti-motorists in France is about to enter upon an interesting phase. Prizes are being offered by *Le Journal* to makers of automobiles for a field gun mounted on a motor-carriage.

It is denied that the birch is to be abolished at Eton; on the other hand, the *Military and Civil Gazette* informs us that Mr. WEBSTER has secured patents to do away with the harmful propensities of tannin.

"Nothing short of a good stout rope," says Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, "and two strong horses will ever move Mr. BALFOUR from the position he occupies." We hope that after this pronouncement we shall hear no more of donkeys making the attempt.

The Admiralty have made it known that in future all officers of the Royal Navy occupying cabins will have their pay increased by the sum of one penny *per diem*. The announcement, we hear, has caused great satisfaction to those concerned, and every day little groups of officers may be seen gravely discussing what they shall do with the increase. A

suggestion that each of them shall now be presented with a Savings Bank Book has been well received.

In America the civilization of blacks by whites is progressing. Last week in Georgia a mob of negroes lynched a negro who was accused of an offence against one of their own race.

American multi-millionaires are threatened with beggary. Commander RODNEY, U.S.N., proposes that it shall be made illegal for anyone to hold a fortune exceeding £2,000,000.

The re-opening of His Majesty's Theatre was made the occasion of the issue of a special souvenir booklet containing a portrait of DICKENS, and one of

It was stated at a meeting of the Blackburn Town Council that a man who is now working for the Council had been in its employ for sixty-four years without a break. How many domestic servants can make a similar boast even for one year?

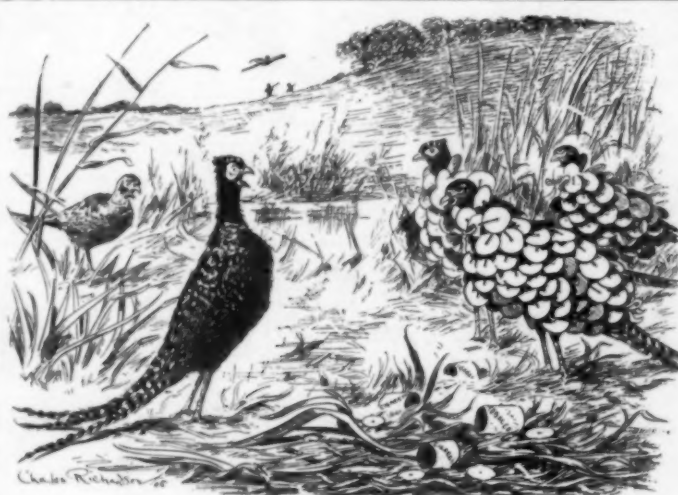
"A mare's nest" is the description given by the *National Zeitung* of the reported negotiations for the transfer of German South-West Africa to Great Britain. That may be a very good name for the rumour, but the country itself is just now more like a *hornets' nest*.

Members of a band of young Hooligans, known as "The Silver Hatchet Gang," wear a silver hatchet on the lapel of the coat bearing the motto, "Tried, trusted, and true!" One of them was tried last week, and is now in prison.

A locomotive jumped the rails at Parson's Green Station last week. The Anglican clergy regard this as a fair set-off to the recent athletic meeting at the Vatican.

Lady (accosted by little girl with collecting card, headed "Centenary of Nelson"). Do you know what this is for? What does "Centenary of NELSON" mean?

Small Girl (after long and thoughtful pause). I think, M'm, it's to help to bury him.



PROFESSOR WALKER, WRITING ON PHEASANTS, SAYS THAT HE NOTICED SOME OF THE MORE INTELLIGENT BIRDS HAD CONSTRUCTED FOR THEMSELVES BULLET-PROOF COVERINGS; THESE WERE MOSTLY MADE FROM THE LIDS OF CIGARETTE TINS LEFT ABOUT BY PICNIC PARTIES.

Mr. TREE. His admirers are asking, "Why only one of Mr. TREE?"

The *Daily Mail* has published an article on "The Inside of a Havana Cigar," by Mr. MACKENZIE, but we understand that its accuracy is to be challenged by the Editor of the *Paper Trade Gazette*.

It is denied that there has been any change in the proprietorship of *The Nineteenth Century, and After*. The *démenti* is necessary in view of the KAISER's assertion that the Twentieth Century belongs to the Germans.

The greatest indignation, not unmixed with a certain amount of amusement, has been aroused among dogs throughout the country by a decision of Judge ADDISON awarding damages against a man for killing a cat.

We are glad to see advertised *The Proper Psalms*. We trust that "all to the contrary" will not be allowed to appear.

We anticipate much amusement from *Angry Raspberries*, which has probably been suggested by *Cross Currents*.

A Costly Fowl.

UNDER the general heading of "Poultry, Eggs, &c." the *East Anglian Daily Times* prints the following advertisement:—

BANTAM, very strong frame, all plated and enamelled parts in splendid condition. Price £3.

The New Hair Restorer.

THE management of the Scala Theatre is now advertising its patent remedy on the omnibuses. Thus:—

FOR THE CROWN. CARROTS.
FORBES-ROBERTSON.

Mr. G. R. SIMS must look to his laurels.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday, October 9.—A satisfactory operatic night. As an habitu  of Covent Garden during the regular opera season, I confess to having been at first rather bothered by the novel surroundings in the arrangements of the auditorium. When the place is full, these novelties are decidedly advantageous. What is called The Grand Circle is far preferable, both in appearance and for convenience, to the sort of private pigeon-holes into which, during the season *par excellence*, the reserved dove-cots are divided. Whether such a "redistribution of seats" as is now observed at Covent Garden, with popularisation of prices, would be a lasting financial success is quite another matter.

Manon Lescaut, Puccini's, not Massenet's *Manon* (which I fancy would be found the more popular, as it certainly is the more dramatically effective), was given to-night with great success. Signora GIACHETTI was charming as *Manon*, and the part of her lover *Des Grieux* was admirably rendered by Signor ZENATELLO. Signor SAMMARCO was a perky representative of *Lescaut*. The ill-treatment that *Geronte*, capitolly played by Signor WULMANN, receives at the hands of the vivacious cocotte, seemed to have slightly affected some of the naughty old gentleman's notes. The stage management in the First Act was, I regret to say, exceptionally ineffective; and though it was better in the Second Act the action was not by any means clearly intelligible. Towards the close of the Second Act the following stage direction occurs in the book: "*At Lescaut's exclamation an indescribable confusion takes place.*" This was in a most praiseworthy manner carried out to the very letter.

There was a hearty recall for the quartette, Signor ZENATELLO, Signora GIACHETTI, Signor SAMMARCO, and Signor WULMANN, followed by prodigious applause for somebody who, at the first summons, did not appear. It was whispered that GIACOMO PUCCINI (born 1858) was in the house, so all hands went for PUCCINI, and on the curtains being drawn apart, there we saw the quartette just mentioned evidently having exerted their power of adding one to their number by dragging into the centre an apologising, smiling, bowing, protesting, skipping little gentleman in evening dress. Rounds of heartiest applause.

"That," said someone next to me in the stalls, with the air of one who knows, "is PUCCINI!"

"Indeed!" cried a delighted visitor, his neighbour. Down went glasses, up went hands, and voice, with "Bravo, PUCCINI!"

Herr GANZ stood at my elbow. Now what Herr GANZ doesn't know about operatic people isn't worth remembering. "GANZ," I asked quickly, pointing towards the little black figure on the stage, "is that PUCCINI?"

"No," answered Herr GANZ immediately, "that's MUGNONE."

To my enthusiastic neighbours, both still shouting *vivas* for PUCCINI, I bent down and said, "That's not PUCCINI, that's MUGNONE." They stared at me blankly; the shock had been too much for them. "MUGNONE, the conductor," I whispered impressively, as I hastened away. The poor men had collapsed. GANZ had gone.

Wednesday Night. — Opera going strong. House not great but good. *La Tosca* is rather trying for the *prima donna*, and excellent as is Signora GIACHETTI in the leading

part of *Floria Tosca* yet she seemed compelled to use greater force in production than ought to have been necessary. Her acting rose to the height of her topmost notes; it was admirable, and the song, "*Vissi d'arte e d'amor*," in the Second Act, most feelingly rendered, created a deep impression. Signor DE MARCHI, as *Mario Cavaradossi*, showed himself worthy, both vocally and histrionically, to bear a name so operatically celebrated as MARIO.

For the amusing part of *Il Sagrestano*, no better operatic comedian could be named than the artist with the distinctly and pre-eminently Italian appellation of Signor WIGLEY, who played and sang it to perfection.

It is impossible to forget Signor SCOTTI as the villain *Searpia*, yet it will not be taken as detracting from the merit of Signor SAMMARCO in the same character to say that "honours" in this case might be considered as "easy" between the two. The part is difficult from every point of view.

The enthusiasm at the descent of the curtain on Act II. was immense, and then came modestly but gaily on the stage Conductor MUGNONE, and after him, to finish up fortissimo, appeared the real Simon Pure, PUCCINI himself. GIACOMO PUCCINI, "born 1858," and thought much of since 1870, a star that ought to have been visible to the naked eye on Monday last, beams to-night. Better late than never! Immense enthusiasm!

Thursday.—*Aida*. A fine performance. Exquisitely staged. Signora BUONINSEGNA as the heroine charming. Third Act a triumph. The *Amneris* of Signora DE CISENIOS was great; the *Radames* of Signor ZENATELLO superb, both in acting and singing. Signor THOS, as *Il R *, excellent. The applause was deservedly unstinted. The scenery was, as it always is for this opera at Covent Garden, most effective, and the staging was more than up to its usual high-water mark. The entire performance must be recorded as a distinct and decided success. And this, so far, is true of the series.

A Very Proper Modesty.

The following notice hangs in the fitting-rooms of a prominent ladies' tailor:—

"As the principal fitter desires to try on his own garments personally, customers are requested not to call between the hours of one and two."

New Source of Food Supply.

Why should not Londoners consume their own fog? It seems to be done in the more enterprising of the Provinces. The *Doncaster Gazette*, for instance, advertises:—

"FOR SALE, to be eaten off, 15 acres of fog."

A Fortissimo Finale.

ACCORDING to the *Musical Times*, Mr. WILHELM BACKHAUS'S English Tour is to end somewhat noisily. "At its conclusion," we are told, "he will be heard in Germany, Austria and France."

To bring order out of chaos we beg to suggest to the Dublin Corporation that, instead of abolishing the office of Lord Mayor, as one member proposed, they should merely reduce his rank to that of Knight Mayor: thus allowing the official title to indicate, by suggestion, the mutual relations of Head and Corporation.



"IS MIXED HOCKEY DANGEROUS?"—WE ONLY PLAYED IN ONE GAME—BUT WE THINK MOST DECIDEDLY SO.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

If we are to take *Nelson and the Twentieth Century*, by ARNOLD WHITE and E. HALLAM MOORHOUSE (CASSELL), as a fair sample of the books for which the NELSON centenary year is responsible, we may be thankful that we shall not live to witness another crop in the year 2005. The book is a *farrago*, and not well mixed at that. No doubt the chapters on "Dockyards" and "Discipline" may be useful—though it is certain that, if there is substantial truth in the allegations contained in the latter chapter, a very searching inquiry ought to be made into the condition and treatment of our sailors—but the rest is poor stuff, not calculated to do much honour to the great shade of NELSON. Was it, for instance, necessary, or even proper, that in pleading for the erection of statues to NELSON's captains, the writers of this book should speak in a tone of scarcely veiled contempt of NAPIER, HAVELOCK, and GORDON, three of the noblest and most chivalrous names in the history of British warfare? "Where British heroes of the sea ought to stand," they say, "statues of GEORGE IV. and Sir CHARLES NAPIER occupy places of honour. A sum of £30,000 would cover the cost of erecting statues to ten of our sea captains in Trafalgar Square, and of transferring the effigies of the three major-generals and the First Gentleman in Europe to fitter spots for the commemoration of their valour and their virtue." I make the authors a present of GEORGE IV.; but if they suppose that NELSON or any other man can be shamed by association with the three major-generals, I can only submit, with deference, that they are mistaken. Of the Preface, contributed by a "nameless writer" (so the authors describe him), it is difficult to speak with due restraint. It is a mere exercise in hysterics, having the inaccuracy inseparable from hysterics. It was DANTON, not NAPOLEON, who spoke of "*L'audace*" thrice over as the "secret of victory;" and if a great French Admiral ever wrote of "*La génie de Nelson*" he was less highly educated than most French Admirals are. Besides, if my memory serves me, "the golden words on NELSON attributed to Mr. GLADSTONE" were, as a matter of fact, spoken by Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN with reference to Mr. GLADSTONE himself. But it is in his reference to Lady HAMILTON that this nameless writer becomes most gushing. "What fearful effeminate folly," he says, "has been written of NELSON and Lady HAMILTON. It was perhaps the only time he erred, and did he even then really err?"—with more to the same effect in eulogy of the worthless woman who enslaved NELSON and was painted by ROMNEY. The authors of the very book to which this is a preface provide in some degree an antidote to it, and if more is wanted it can be found in the sober pages of MAHAN.

If Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT has not made sympathetic study in the art of novel writing as it is ordered in France, it is because, coming to him by nature (like reading and writing to some others), the discipline was superfluous. The only criticism my Baronite offers on *Sacred and Profane Love* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) is that the English language is not a suitable conveyance for the story. It should have been written in French. Only once does the indestructible British style obtrude itself. At the height of her career, unblushingly recorded, Mr. BENNETT's heroine dies of appendicitis! A Parisian novelist would have rounded off with a fatality much less prosaic. Nevertheless it is a powerfully presented picture of the class we prim insulars usually keep with its face to the wall.

Once upon a time Mr. H. RIDER HAGGARD made an undeniable hit in romantic literature with *She*. To express it in cockney form, "*He an' She made a 'It.*" Why was he not satisfied? Or was he so hopelessly under the spell of *She*—

who-must-be-obeyed that wherever the enchantress, mounted on Pegasus, saddled with a pillion licensed to carry two, chose to take this Rider as her companion, he was perforce compelled to go? And so, when we meet with Mr. RIDER HAGGARD's *Ayesha* (WARD, LOCK & Co.), we are not at all astonished, though indeed somewhat disappointed, to recognise our old friend *She* (may we be pardoned for speaking of her in so familiar a manner), who, in no way changed from what she was before, is simply "continued in our next."

Mr. HAGGARD has made a gallant attempt to revive the first fresh enthusiasm with which *She* was originally received. He has tried to exploit some new properties, to burnish up the tinsel, and to intensify a flagging interest which it is difficult to keep up to anything like the highest pitch of excitement. Rare, very rare, are the instances of success attending the revivification of a once favourite character. *Holly*, *Kahma* and *Leo*, people of Mongolian, or Mongoosian, type who were true to the *Kôr de Bally*, all, as the story proceeds, become less and less real, and then gradually wearisome. Much as the Baron objects to illustrations to stories, yet he has no hesitation in saying that not only are Mr. MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN's excellent, but they are of the greatest assistance as stepping-stones to the weary narrative-tracker.

There is nothing new to be told in the life story of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS. Few painters have been written about so continuously and from so varied a range of approach as the P.R.A. of the mid-eighteenth century. BOSWELL began it. HORACE WALPOLE, Mrs. PROZIO, and FANNY BURNEY frequently chatted about him. From the publication of NORTHCOOTE's *Life* in 1818 to Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG's quarto published in 1890 there has been much making of books on the topic. In presenting his *Sir Joshua Reynolds* (METHUEN) Mr. BOULTON makes due acknowledgment of these sources of information. Whilst admittedly he has nothing new to say, he has gleaned the rich stubble land with skill and sympathetic care, presenting what may be accepted as the last word about the popular man, the supreme painter. He gives half a hundred reproductions of REYNOLDS' best work, a picture gallery itself worth the price of the volume.

Had DION CLAYTON CALTHROP been content with writing this amusing and eccentrically clever story entitled *The Guide to Fairyland* (ALSTON RIVERS), and had he employed the services of one or more masters of the black and white art, whom we could name, to do the illustrations, we might have had a work to which, though it specially appeals to Christmas fancies, we could have justly apportioned a place of honour on the bookshelf at no very great distance from the immortal *Alice in Wonderland*. The illustrations are best when least pretentious, and those making any claim to artistic value are lacking in humour. This is a pity, as the writing is light, and full of lively fancy. Had it been half its length, its literary value would have been doubled.

In the *Daily Mail's* account of *Amerika*, the new Hamburg-American liner, we read of a play-room for cosmopolitan child passengers where "nursery heroes of three nations are painted on the walls. French Pierrot grins at the Pied Piper of Hamelin, while the British JACK SPRAT stuffs himself in a corner." There seems, however, to have been no recognition of the claims of the JACK HORNER who could eat no fat.

